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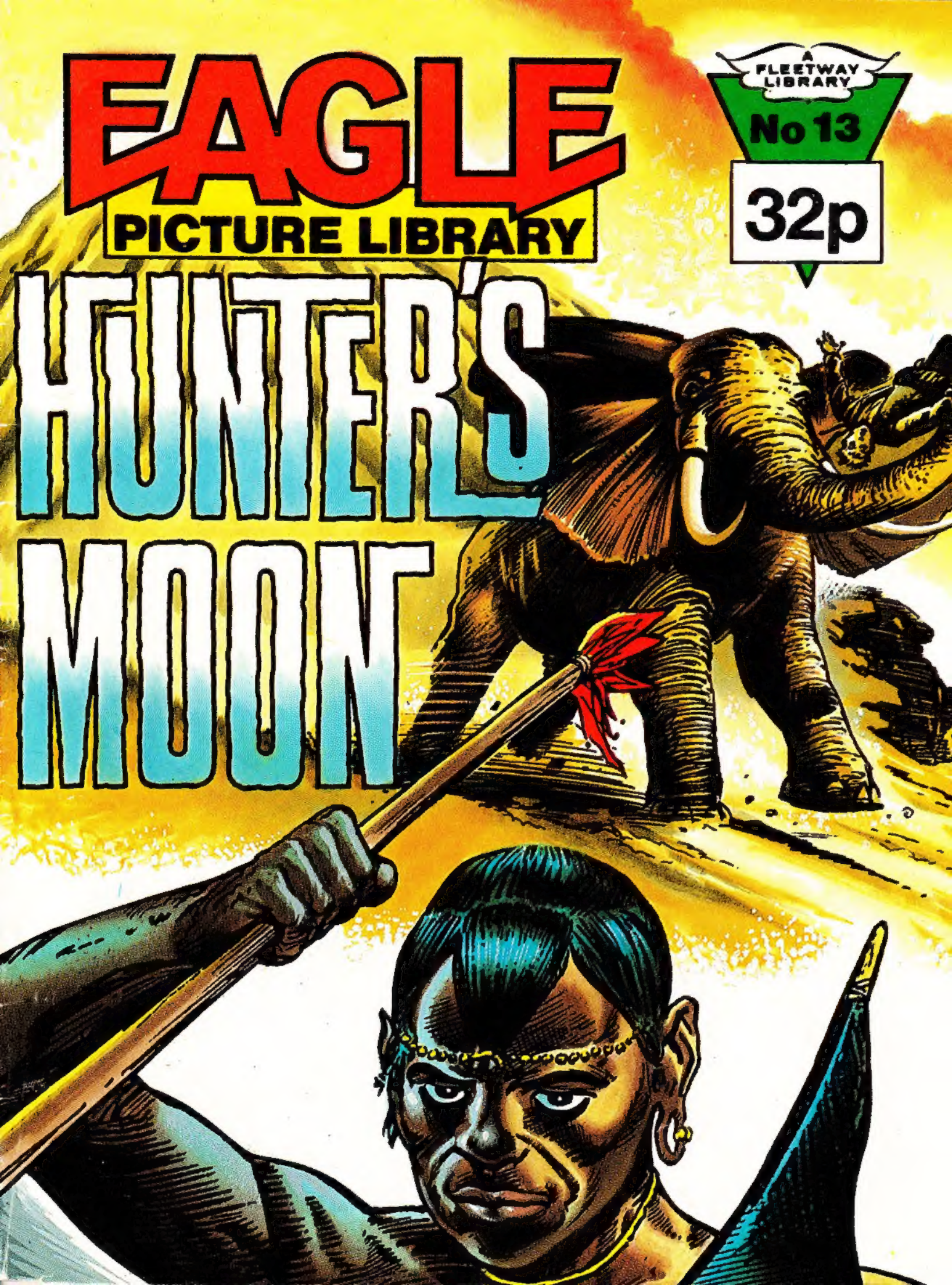
HUNTER'S MOON



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No. 181 Every Monday 7th September, 1985

9 ALL ... STORIES!

EAGLE and TIGER

24p

DOOMLORD

AND SON TAKE A TOUR OF THE COSMOS

AND MEET THE CHARIOT WARRIORS

HUNTER'S MOON

GALE'S GARAGE
PETROL OIL SERVICING
I SUPPOSE SOMEONE IS GOING TO DASH UP AND RESCUE HIM AT THE LAST MINUTE, EH, GUV'?
I'M AFRAID SO, FOXY, THOUGH IF THEY LET HIM GET SHOT IT WOULD BE LESS BORING.

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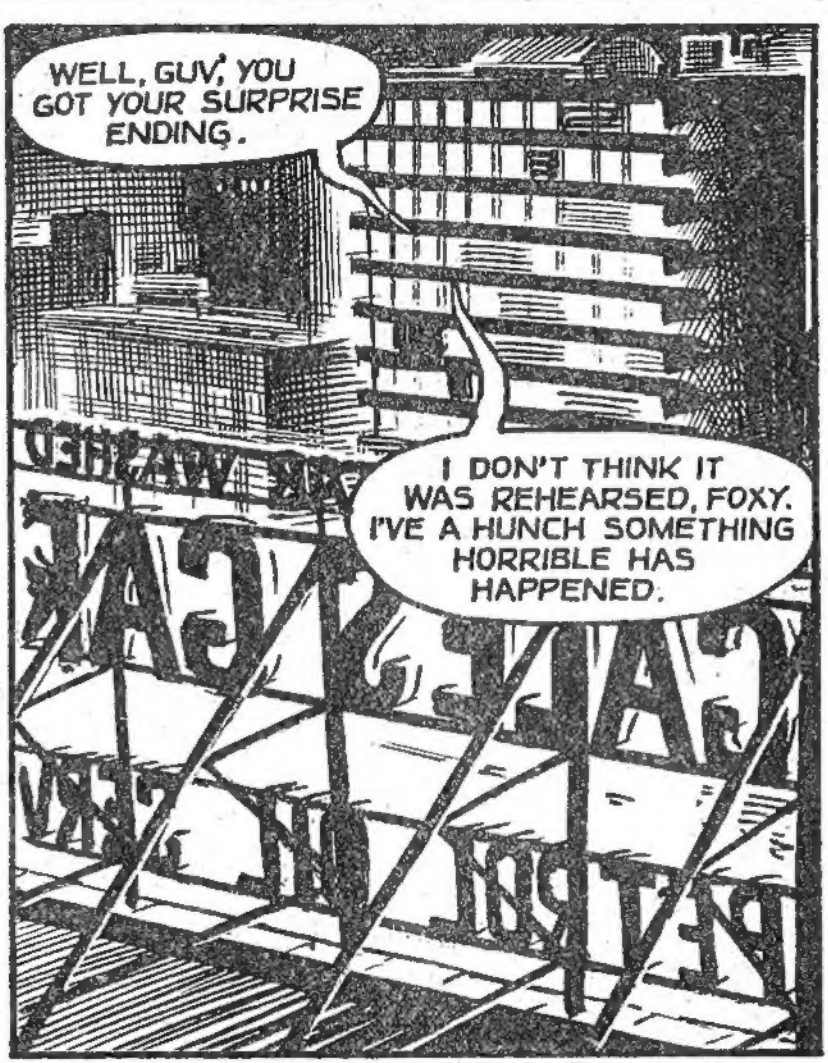
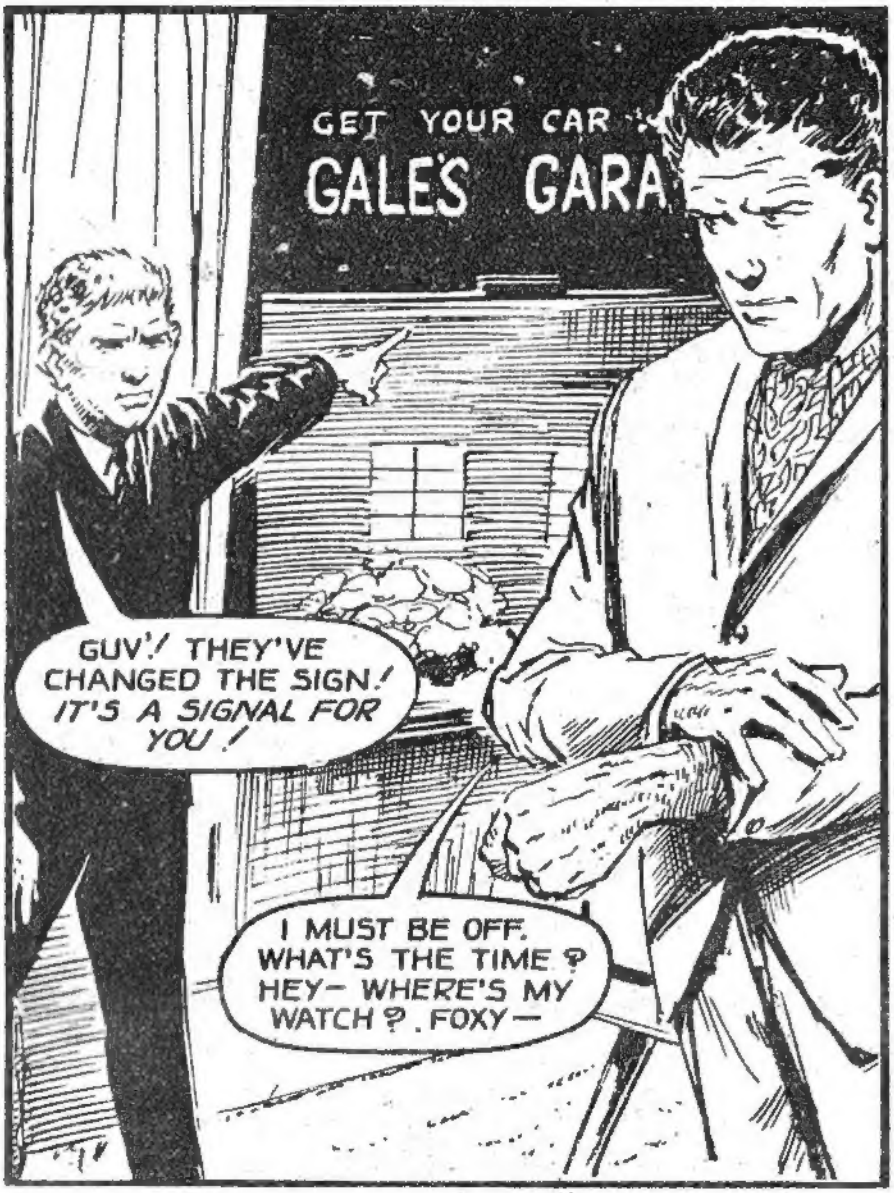
PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

HELP! DOCTOR MALICE! HE'S GOING TO MURDER ME!

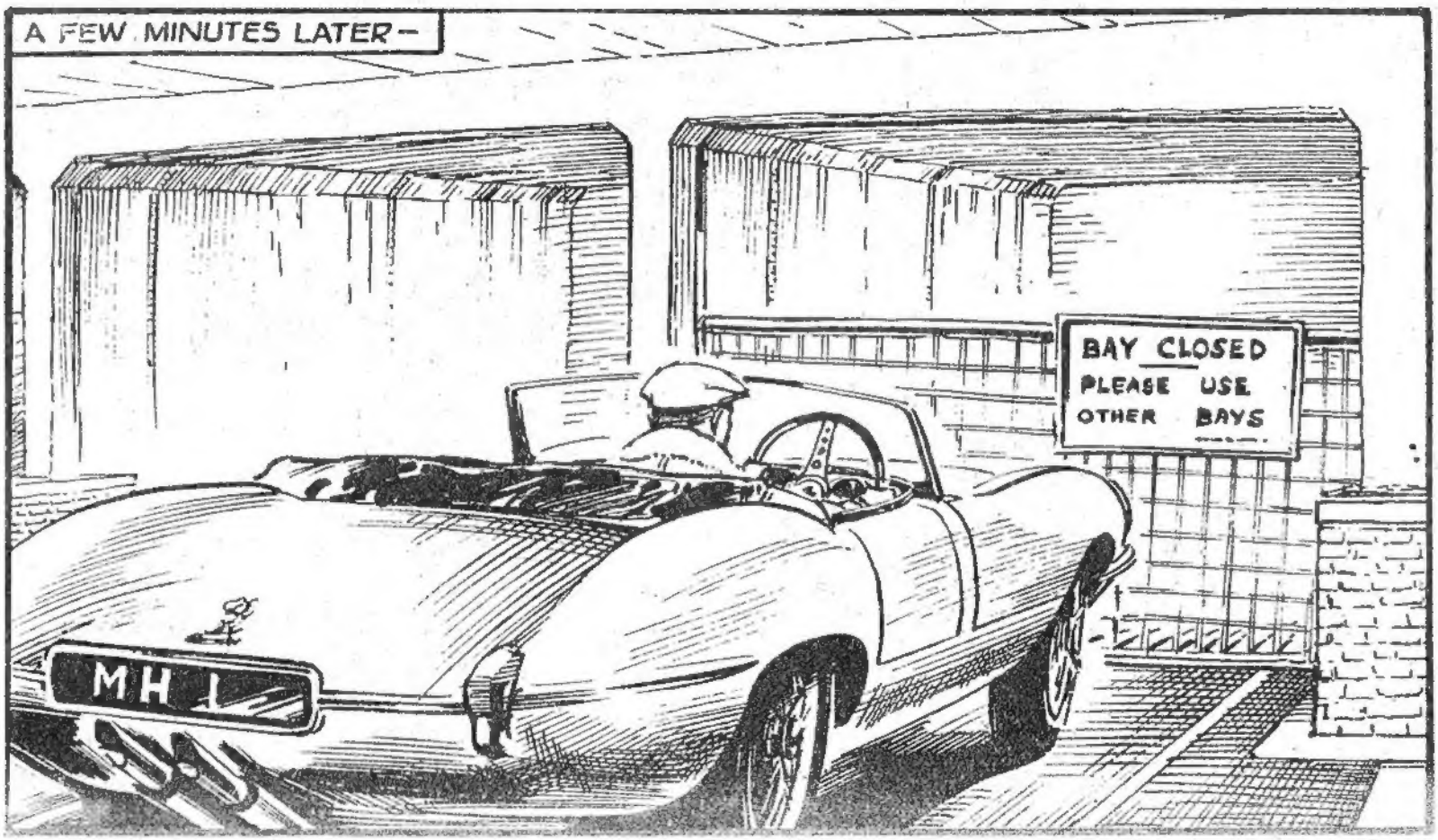
THE OUTBURST CAUSED DISMAY AND ANGER IN THE STUDIO CONTROL ROOM.
THE FOOL! WHAT'S HE TRYING TO DO—BUILD UP HIS PART? THAT LINE WASN'T IN THE SCRIPT!

STOP THE SHOW! SOMEBODY FIRED REAL BULLETS! HE'S DEAD!


WELL, GUV, YOU GOT YOUR SURPRISE ENDING.
I DON'T THINK IT WAS REHEARSED, FOXY. I'VE A HUNCH SOMETHING HORRIBLE HAS HAPPENED.


GET YOUR CAR
GALE'S GARA
GUV'! THEY'VE CHANGED THE SIGN! IT'S A SIGNAL FOR YOU!
I MUST BE OFF. WHAT'S THE TIME? HEY- WHERE'S MY WATCH?. FOXY—

FOXY LOOKED SHEEPISH.
SORRY, GUV. FORCE OF HABIT. OF COURSE I DIDN'T MEAN TO KEEP IT.
ONE OF THESE DAYS, FOXY, IF YOU DON'T CONTROL YOUR CROOKED IMPULSES, YOU'LL FIND YOURSELF BACK IN DARTMOOR.


A FEW MINUTES LATER—
BAY CLOSED
PLEASE USE
OTHER BAYS
MH

MARK HUNTER SWITCHED ON HIS FOGLAMP. A PHOTO-ELECTRIC CELL ON THE GATES CAUSED THEM TO OPEN.
MH 1
AN AUTOMATIC LIFT SWIFTLY CARRIED THE CAR DEEP UNDERGROUND.
I WONDER WHY THE BOSS WANTS ME? I'LL BET ALL THE TEA IN CHINA IT'S SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT TV SHOW.
NO ONE WOULD HAVE GUESSED THAT MARK HUNTER'S BOSS WAS HEAD OF THE NATIONAL SECURITY COMMISSION - AND THAT MARK WAS HIS MOST VALUED AGENT.
YOU SAW THE TV SHOW? AN EXTRA MAN GOT INTO THE FIRING SQUAD UNDETECTED. A KILLER. HE ESCAPED IN THE CONFUSION.
THE MAN WHO WAS KILLED - WAS HE WORKING FOR US?

HE WAS A SMALL-TIME INFORMER. HIS NAME WAS LISTON. HE SEEMED TO THINK HE WAS ON TO SOMETHING BIG, BUT HADN'T HAD TIME TO TELL US ANYTHING. WHAT DID HE KNOW? WHY WAS HE KILLED? WHO IS DOCTOR MALICE? I WANT THE ANSWERS TO THOSE QUESTIONS, HUNTER, AND I WANT THEM FAST.
DIG INTO LISTON'S BACKGROUND. HE WORKED REGULARLY FOR MAGNUS TELEFILMS. THEIR CASTING OFFICE MAY HAVE INFORMATION. START THERE. BUT IT WOULD BE AS WELL TO DO IT WITHOUT LETTING ANYONE KNOW YOU'RE INTERESTED IN LISTON.
I'LL TAKE FOXY WITH ME. HIS LIGHT-FINGERED TALENTS CAN BE VERY USEFUL IN A CASE LIKE THIS.

MARK HUNTER AND FOXY TACKLED THE MAGNUS HEADQUARTERS FROM THE REAR. AT THAT LATE HOUR THE BUILDING WAS IN DARKNESS, BOLTED AND BARRED—A SMALL DETAIL WHICH GAVE FOXY NO TROUBLE AT ALL.
PROPERTY STORE
O.K., GUV, YOU CAN PUT THE LIGHT OUT NOW. THAT DIDN'T TAKE LONG. HONEST, SOME PEOPLE SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF THE LOCKS THEY PUT ON THEIR DOORS. THEY ONLY NEED A BENT NAIL.
STRAIGHT THROUGH HERE. THE CASTING OFFICE IS IN THE FRONT OF THE BUILDING.

INCREDIBLY, SPINE-CHILLINGLY, THE TIGER SKIN RUG CAME ALIVE, RISING BEHIND MARK HUNTER WITH SILENT MENACE, AS IF ABOUT TO SPRING!
FOXY! BEHIND YOU! THE TIGER-SKIN RUG IS COMING ALIVE!
AN UNCANNY SIGHT WAS DIMLY MIRRORED IN THE DUSTY WINDOW OF AN ANCIENT SEDAN CHAIR.

A MASKED FIGURE HAD BEEN HIDING BENEATH THE SKIN. FOXY LEAPT AT IT.

IT WAS LUCKY FOR FOXY THAT THE SAVAGELY WIELDED BATTLEAXE WAS A PLYWOOD IMITATION. EVEN SO, IT STRUCK A NUMBING BLOW BEFORE IT SHATTERED.
YOU MURDEROUS HOUND! WHY WERE YOU SKULKING IN HERE ?

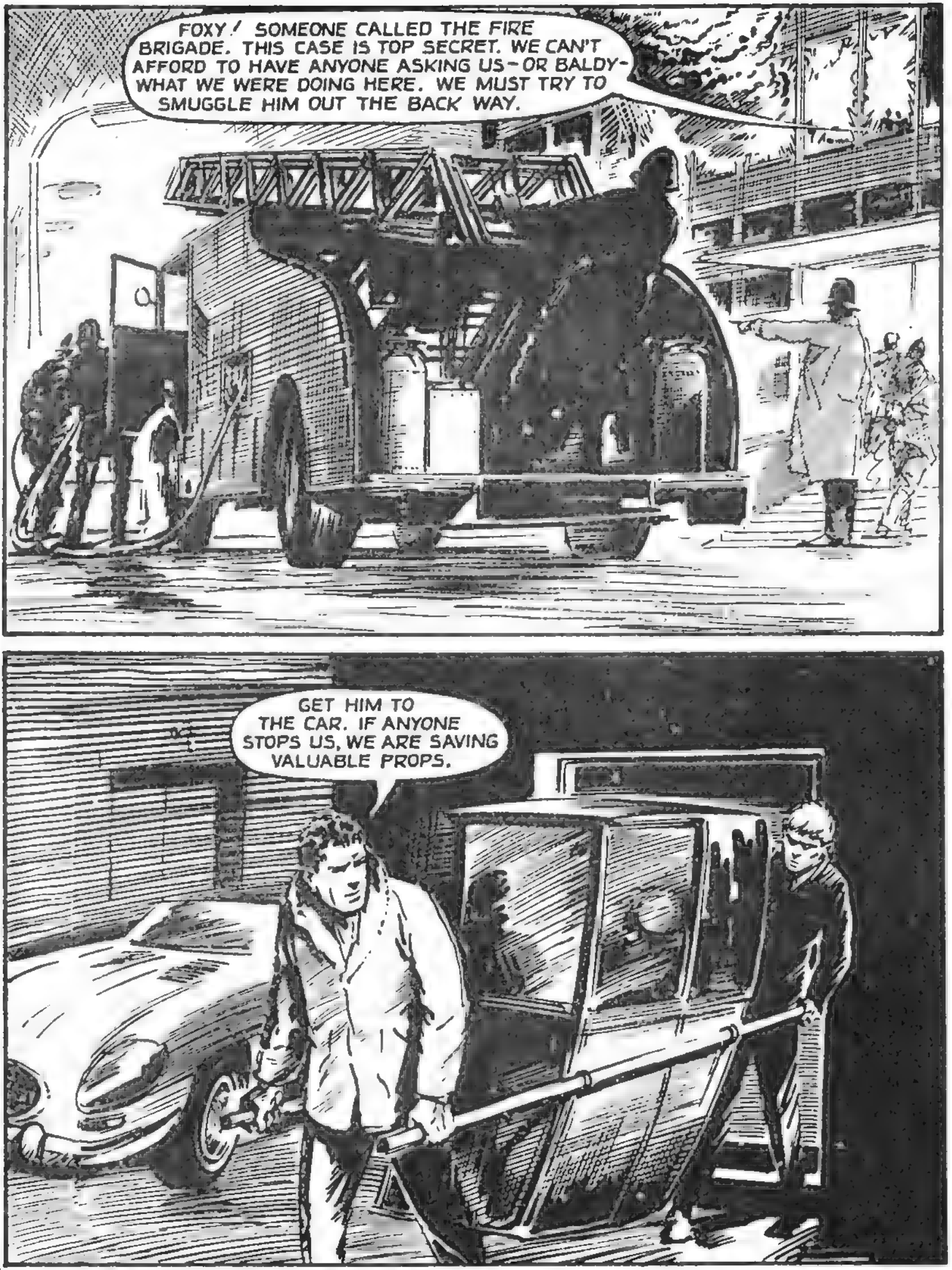
THE WEIRD INTRUDER TURNED ON MARK WITH ANIMAL-LIKE FEROCITY.
IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A FIGHT, YOU'RE WELCOME.

YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT, BALDY

MARK SWITCHED SUDDENLY TO ALL-OUT ATTACK, AND CAUGHT HIS OPPONENT NAPPING.
NICE GOING, GUV.

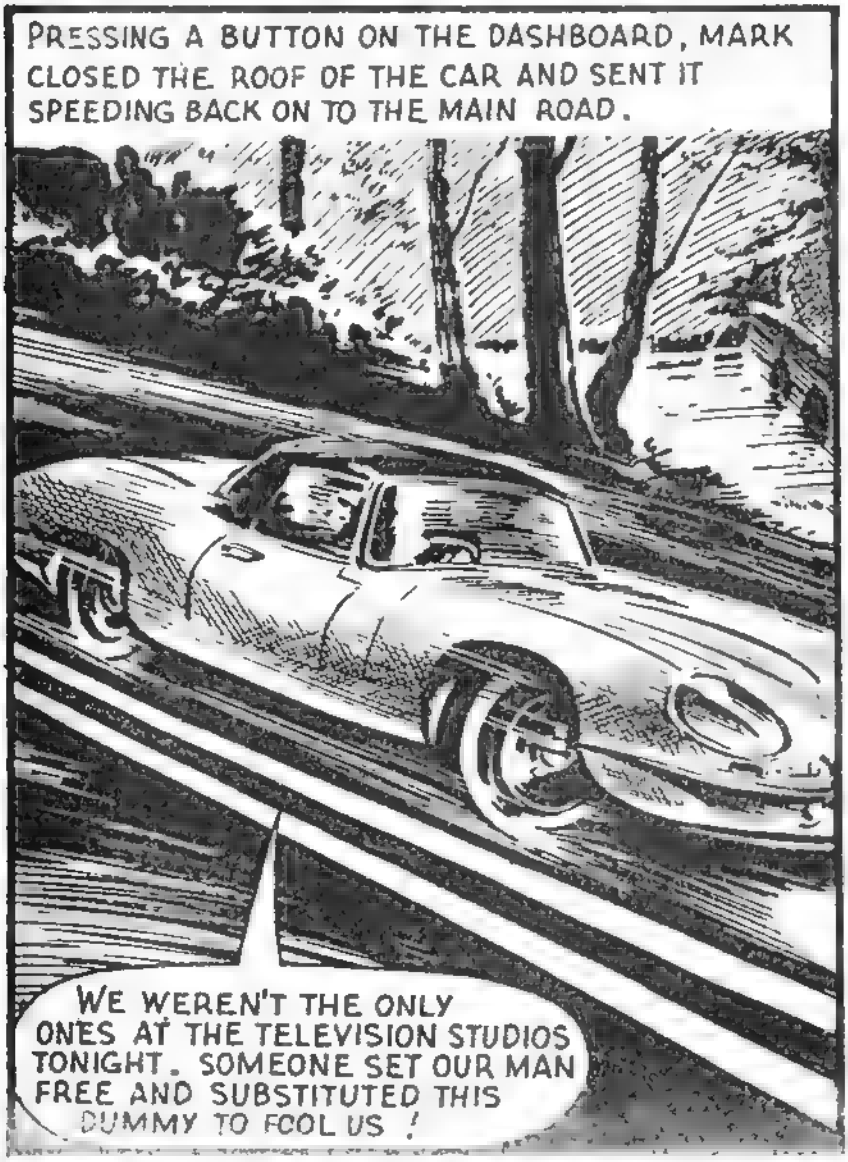
MARK FOUND SOME TOUGH CORD.
WE'LL MAKE SURE HE CAN'T GET AWAY, AND HIDE HIM IN THE SEDAN CHAIR UNTIL WE'VE TIME TO ATTEND TO HIM. RIGHT NOW WE'VE MORE IMPORTANT BUSINESS.
IT LOOKS AS IF WE'RE NOT THE ONLY ONES INTERESTED IN LISTON'S PAST. I JUST HOPE WE AREN'T TOO LATE.
YOU'RE RIGHT. SOMEONE WAS AHEAD OF US. BUT WE MUST HAVE DISTURBED THEM BEFORE THEY GOT WHAT THEY WERE AFTER. THERE'S LISTON'S FILE.
WAIT. DON'T BE IN TOO MUCH HURRY TO TOUCH IT. IT LOOKS SUSPICIOUSLY TEMPTING TO ME.
LISTON
K TO M

MARK'S SUIT WAS CLEVERLY TAILORED TO CONCEAL SECRET POCKETS HOLDING MANY STRANGE INSTRUMENTS, ONE OF WHICH HE PREPARED TO USE.
NO SENSE IN GETTING ANY CLOSER THAN WE HAVE TO. I'LL USE THE TONGS.
MAYBE I'M BEING OVER-CAUTIOUS, BUT —
A DEVASTATING EXPLOSION ROCKED THE OFFICE. BUT FOR MARK'S PRECAUTIONS, AND THE PROTECTION OF THE STEEL FILING CABINET, BOTH WOULD HAVE BEEN KILLED INSTANTLY.

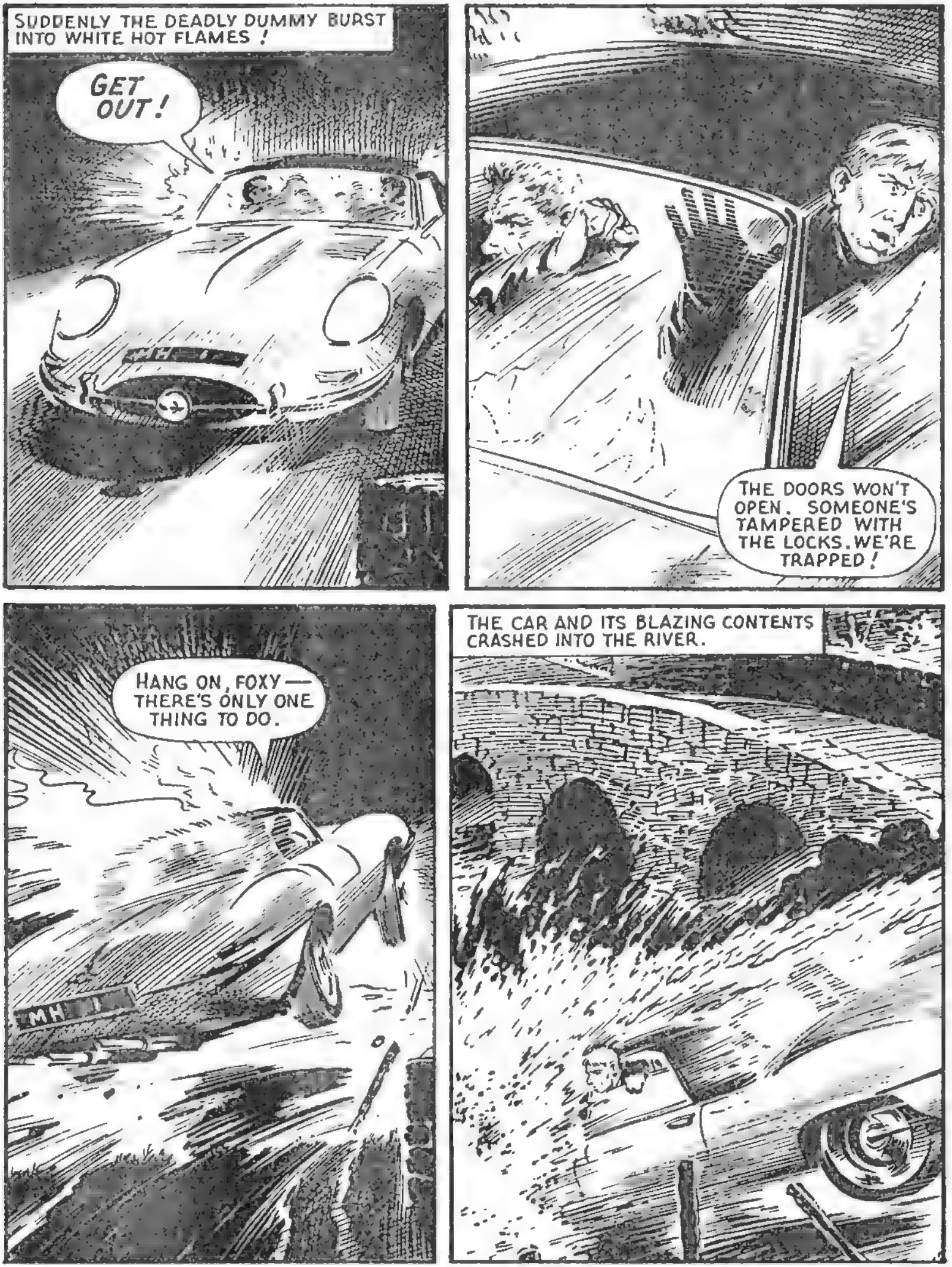

FOXY! SOMEONE CALLED THE FIRE BRIGADE. THIS CASE IS TOP SECRET. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE ANYONE ASKING US - OR BALDY - WHAT WE WERE DOING HERE. WE MUST TRY TO SMUGGLE HIM OUT THE BACK WAY.
GET HIM TO THE CAR. IF ANYONE STOPS US, WE ARE SAVING VALUABLE PROPS.

THEY DUMPED THE LIMP FIGURE IN THE CAR. MARK DROVE FAST FOR SEVERAL MINUTES, THEN PICKED A LONELY SPOT TO STOP.
I'VE A HUNCH THAT BALDY HERE KNOWS THE ANSWERS TO A LOT OF BAFFLING QUESTIONS. LET'S SEE WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE.
GUV.! IT'S A DUMMY—WE'VE BEEN TRICKED!

BUT HE WAS REAL ENOUGH WHEN WE KNOCKED HIM OUT !

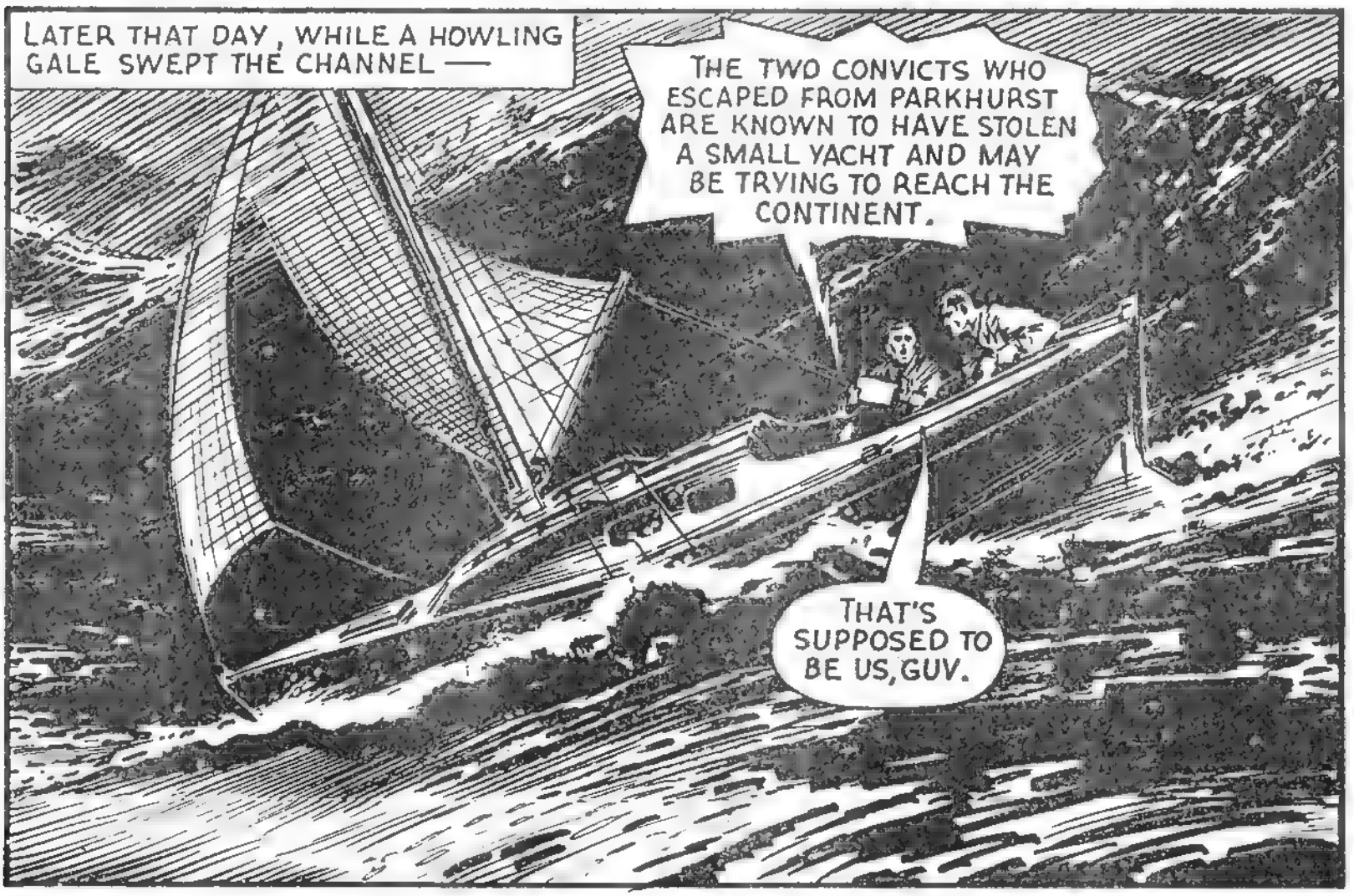

PRESSING A BUTTON ON THE DASHBOARD, MARK CLOSED THE ROOF OF THE CAR AND SENT IT SPEEDING BACK ON TO THE MAIN ROAD.
WE WEREN'T THE ONLY ONES AT THE TELEVISION STUDIOS TONIGHT. SOMEONE SET OUR MAN FREE AND SUBSTITUTED THIS DUMMY TO FOOL US !

FOXY SNIFFED IN ALARM.
GUV ! THE DUMMY'S SMOULDERING ! A FIRE-BOMB'S HIDDEN INSIDE !
QUICK— GET RID OF IT !


SUDDENLY THE DEADLY DUMMY BURST INTO WHITE HOT FLAMES !
GET OUT !
THE DOORS WON'T OPEN. SOMEONE'S TAMPERED WITH THE LOCKS. WE'RE TRAPPED !
HANG ON, FOXY — THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO.
THE CAR AND ITS BLAZING CONTENTS CRASHED INTO THE RIVER.

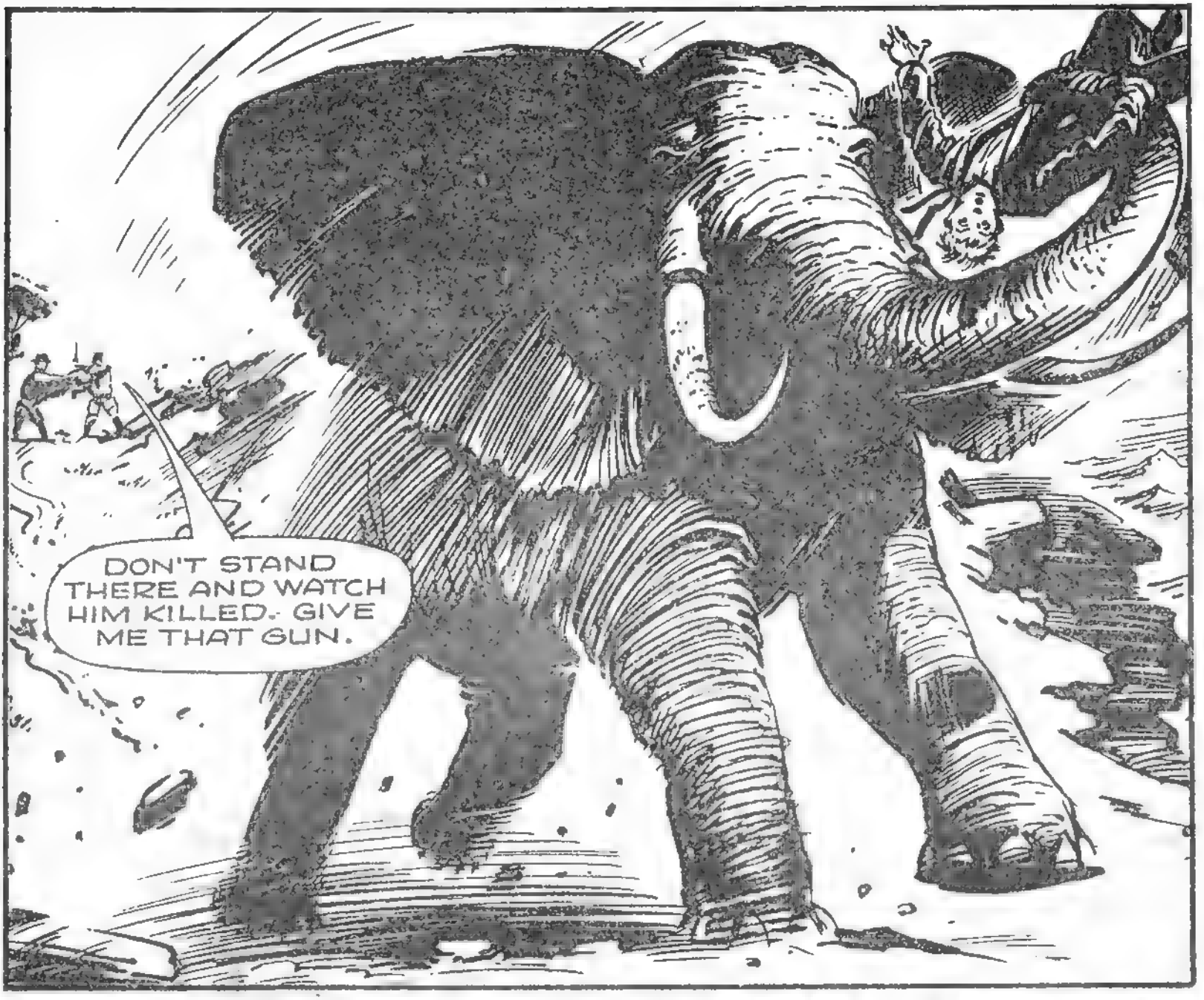
HASTILY THEY FORCED THEIR WAY OUT OF THE ROOF AS THE CAR QUICKLY FILLED WITH WATER.
SOMEBODY TRIED VERY HARD TO GET RID OF US, FOXY — AND WE'VE NOTHING TO SHOW FOR IT. NOT A SINGLE CLUE TO SHOW THE CHIEF.
OH, YES, WE HAVE.
THE LITTLE EX-CROOK GRINNED TRIUMPHANTLY.
WHEN THAT CROOK ATTACKED ME BACK AT THE TV BUILDING I LIFTED HIS WALLET. THERE WASN'T MUCH IN IT, EXCEPT FOR WHAT LOOKS LIKE A MAP OF AN ISLAND.

A FEW HOURS LATER MARK REPORTED TO HIS SECURITY CHIEF.
WE CHECKED THE MAP. IT SEEMS TO BE A SMALL ISLAND CALLED DROONE, OUT HERE IN THE CHANNEL. IT'S PRIVATELY OWNED—BETTER CHECK ON IT!
RIGHT. BUT IF IT'S A SECRET HIDEOUT THEY WON'T WELCOME STRANGERS. I'LL NEED A GOOD COVER STORY.


LATER THAT DAY, WHILE A HOWLING GALE SWEPT THE CHANNEL—
THE TWO CONVICTS WHO ESCAPED FROM PARKHURST ARE KNOWN TO HAVE STOLEN A SMALL YACHT AND MAY BE TRYING TO REACH THE CONTINENT.
THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE US, GUV.

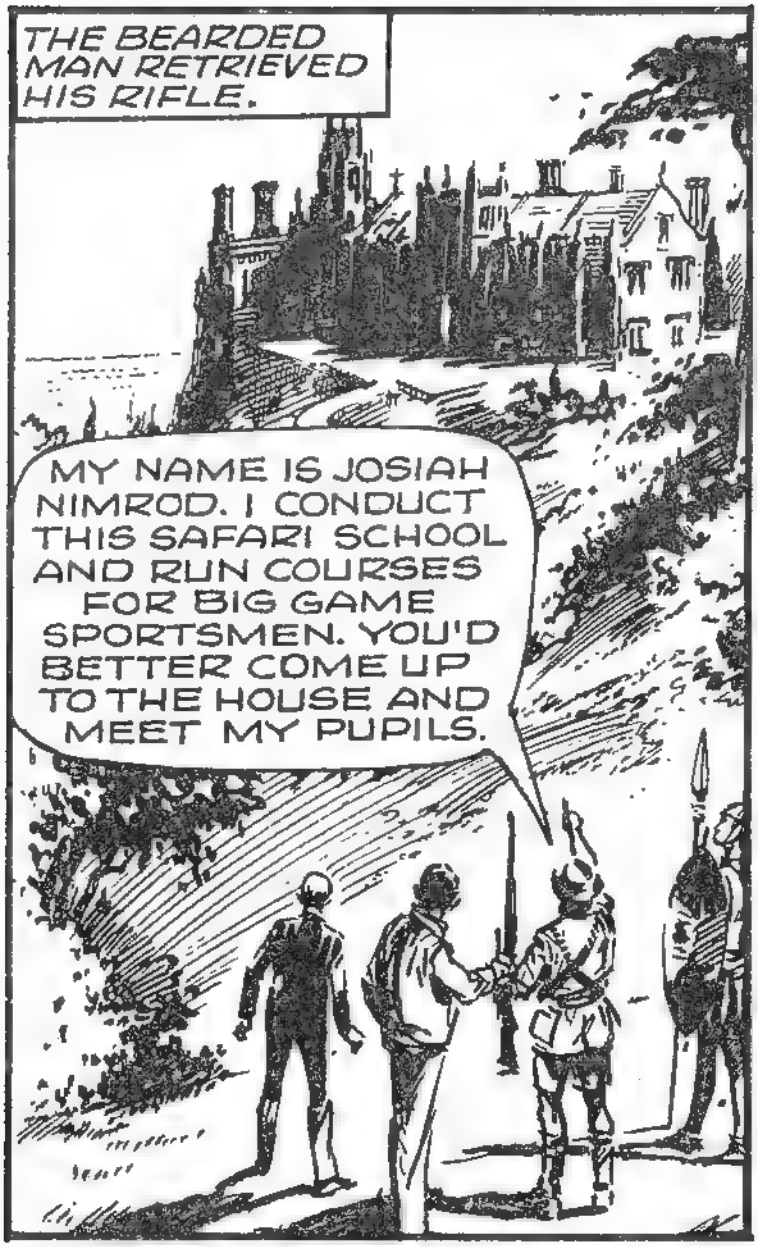
AS THEY NEARED DROONE ISLAND, MARK DELIBERATELY CAPSIZED THE SMALL VESSEL AS HE PUT IN TO THE STORM-BOUND, FORBIDDING SHORE.
DO WE ALWAYS HAVE TO DO THINGS THE HARD WAY, GUV ?
IF ANYONE'S WATCHING THEY'VE GOT TO THINK THAT WE'RE A COUPLE OF CROOKS ON THE RUN !
LOOK OUT. SOMEONE IS TAKING POT-SHOTS AT US !

A STRANGE FIGURE STEPPED INTO VIEW.
SORRY, I'M AFRAID I NEARLY KILLED YOU. I MISTOOK YOU FOR A WILD ELEPHANT.
GUV! YOU HEARD THAT? HE MUST BE BONKERS! A WILD ELEPHANT—HERE!
BUT SUDDENLY—
AAAAGH!


DON'T STAND THERE AND WATCH HIM KILLED. GIVE ME THAT GUN.

BUT BEFORE MARK HUNTER COULD FIRE...
NO!

THEN, TO MARK'S ASTONISHED EARS CAME THE SOUND OF A TWO-STROKE ENGINE.
AN INDIAN ELEPHANT BOY RIDING A SCOOTER! WHAT NEXT?
THE ELEPHANT BOY BLEW A SHRILL NOTE ON A REED PIPE.
HEARING THE SOUND, THE ELEPHANT TURNED, DROPPING FOXY.
THIS IS CRAZY! A CHUNK OF TROPICAL JUNGLE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ENGLISH CHANNEL. I MUST BE GOING NUTS!


THE BEARDED MAN RETRIEVED HIS RIFLE.
MY NAME IS JOSIAH NIMROD. I CONDUCT THIS SAFARI SCHOOL AND RUN COURSES FOR BIG GAME SPORTSMEN. YOU'D BETTER COME UP TO THE HOUSE AND MEET MY PUPILS.

AS THEY ENTERED THE HOUSE, FOXY WHISPERED A WARNING.
BOSS, THESE AREN'T SPORTSMEN — THEY'RE CROOKS! TWO OR THREE OF THEM WERE IN JAIL WHEN I WAS THERE!

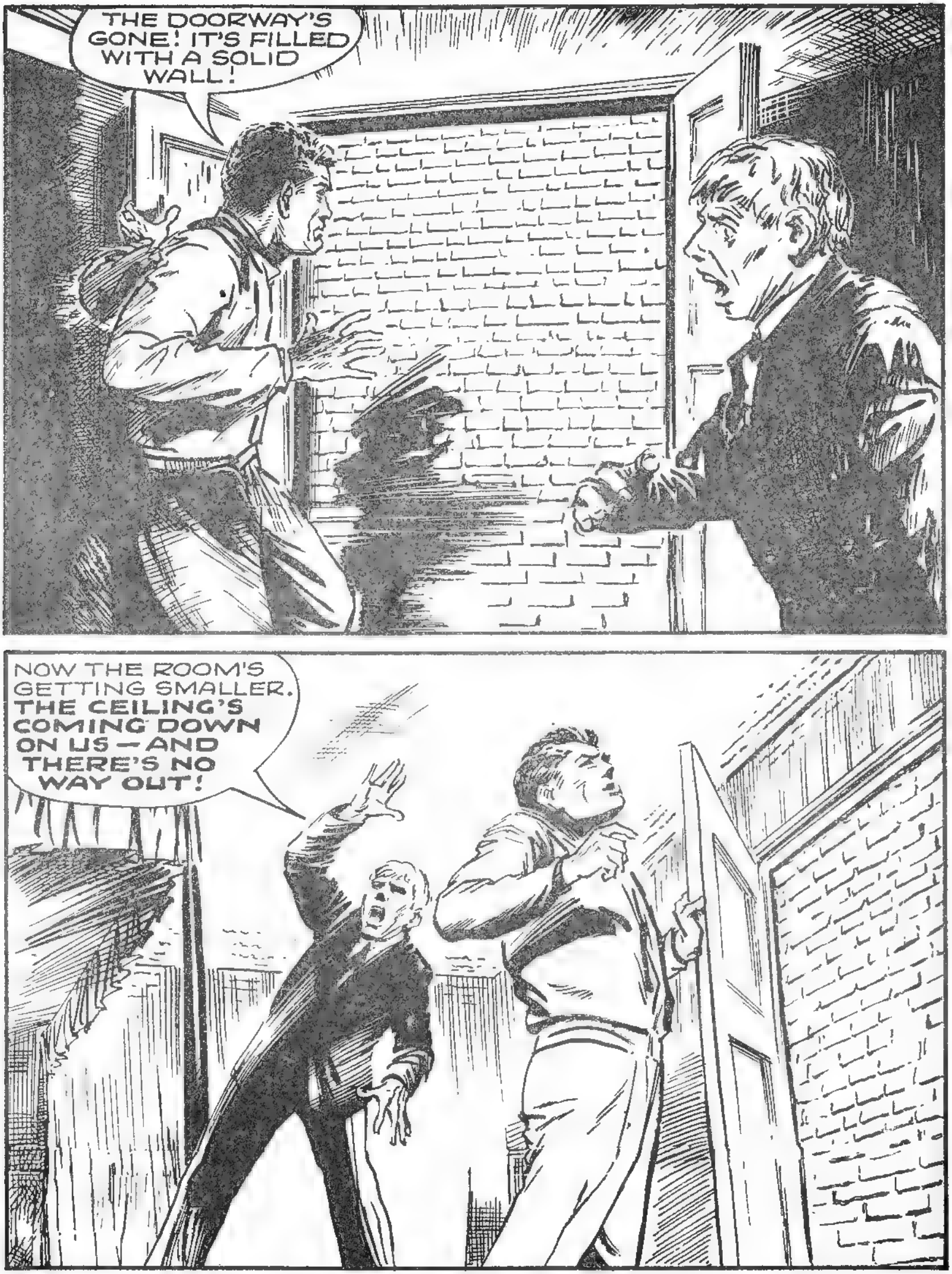
BEFORE WE TALK, I'M SURE YOU WOULD LIKE TO REST AFTER YOUR EXHAUSTING EXPERIENCE. SHAKA WILL SHOW YOU TO A ROOM.

GUV, THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS. WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON HERE?
THAT'S WHAT WE'RE HERE TO FIND OUT, FOXY— AND THIS LITTLE BOX MAY HELP!

MEANWHILE—
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THESE TWO?
GUESS THEY MUST BE THE CONVICTS WE HEARD ABOUT ON THE RADIO.
IT FIGURES. I RECOGNISED THE SMALL ONE—WE WERE AT REFORM SCHOOL TOGETHER—HE'S FOXY FAGIN!

MARK HUNTER HAD LEFT ON THE TABLE WHAT LOOKED LIKE AN ORDINARY MATCHBOX—
THE QUESTION IS, WHAT DO WE DO WITH THEM?

BUT THE BOX WAS REALLY A MIDGET TRANSMITTER, AND MARK HAD TAKEN ITS COMPANION RECEIVER WITH HIM TO THE ROOM ABOVE.
IF THEY'RE ON THE RUN FROM THE LAW MAYBE WE COULD LET THEM JOIN US?
GUV, IT SOUNDS AS IF THINGS ARE GOING OUR WAY!
TOO RISKY! HOW COULD WE BE SURE THEY WERE RELIABLE? OUR ORGANISATION IS HAND-PICKED, AND WE'VE ALL THE MEN WE NEED. WE MUST GET RID OF THEM.
I'VE JUST NOTICED SOMETHING QUEER ABOUT THIS ROOM. THERE ARE NO WINDOWS! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
THE DOOR'S STILL OPEN...


THE DOORWAY'S GONE! IT'S FILLED WITH A SOLID WALL!
NOW THE ROOM'S GETTING SMALLER. THE CEILING'S COMING DOWN ON US—AND THERE'S NO WAY OUT!

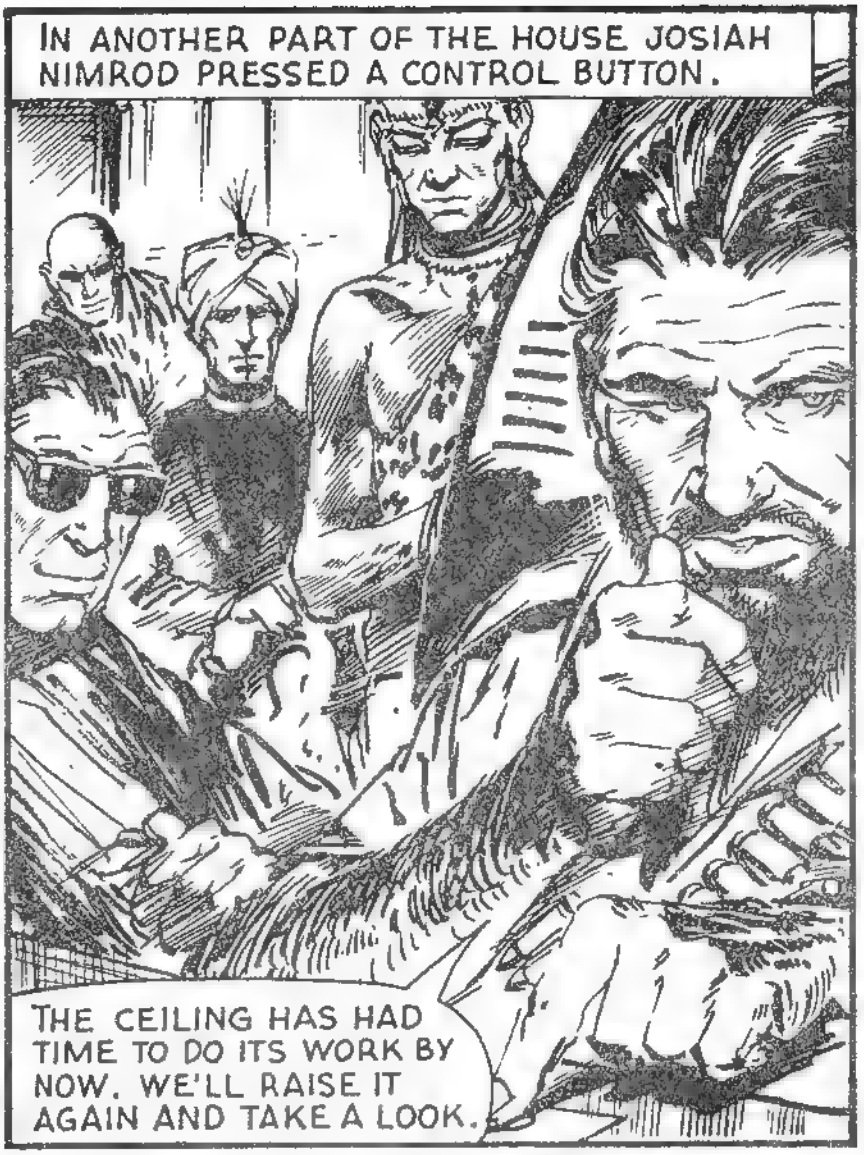
FOXY, THE CEILING'S COMING DOWN ON US! WE'VE GOT TO JAM IT! WE MAY NOT BE ABLE TO HOLD IT FOR LONG, BUT IT'LL GIVE US TIME TO FIND A WAY OUT OF HERE!

TO FOXY, MARK'S NEXT ACTION SEEMED CRAZY!
STONE ME, GUV; NOW WHAT ARE YOU DOING? HOW IS RIPPING YOUR CLOTHES GOING TO HELP US?

RIPPING OFF HIS SHIRT BUTTONS, MARK JAMMED THEM UNDER THE SKIRTING BOARD AND LIT THE THREADS ATTACHED TO THEM...

SUDDENLY AN OMINOUS SPLINTERING NOISE CAME FROM THE BED.
IT'S NO GOOD. WE'LL BE FLATTENED LIKE PANCAKES!
GET DOWN ON THE FLOOR! THE BUTTONS ARE MADE OF HIGH EXPLOSIVE — SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR SITUATIONS LIKE THIS!
STREWTH! WHAT A BANG!

LOOKS LIKE A SECRET PASSAGE. THE PLACE IS PROBABLY FULL OF THEM!
THERE'S NO TELLING WHERE IT'LL LEAD US. BUT— LET'S GO.


IN ANOTHER PART OF THE HOUSE JOSIAH NIMROD PRESSED A CONTROL BUTTON.
THE CEILING HAS HAD TIME TO DO ITS WORK BY NOW. WE'LL RAISE IT AGAIN AND TAKE A LOOK.

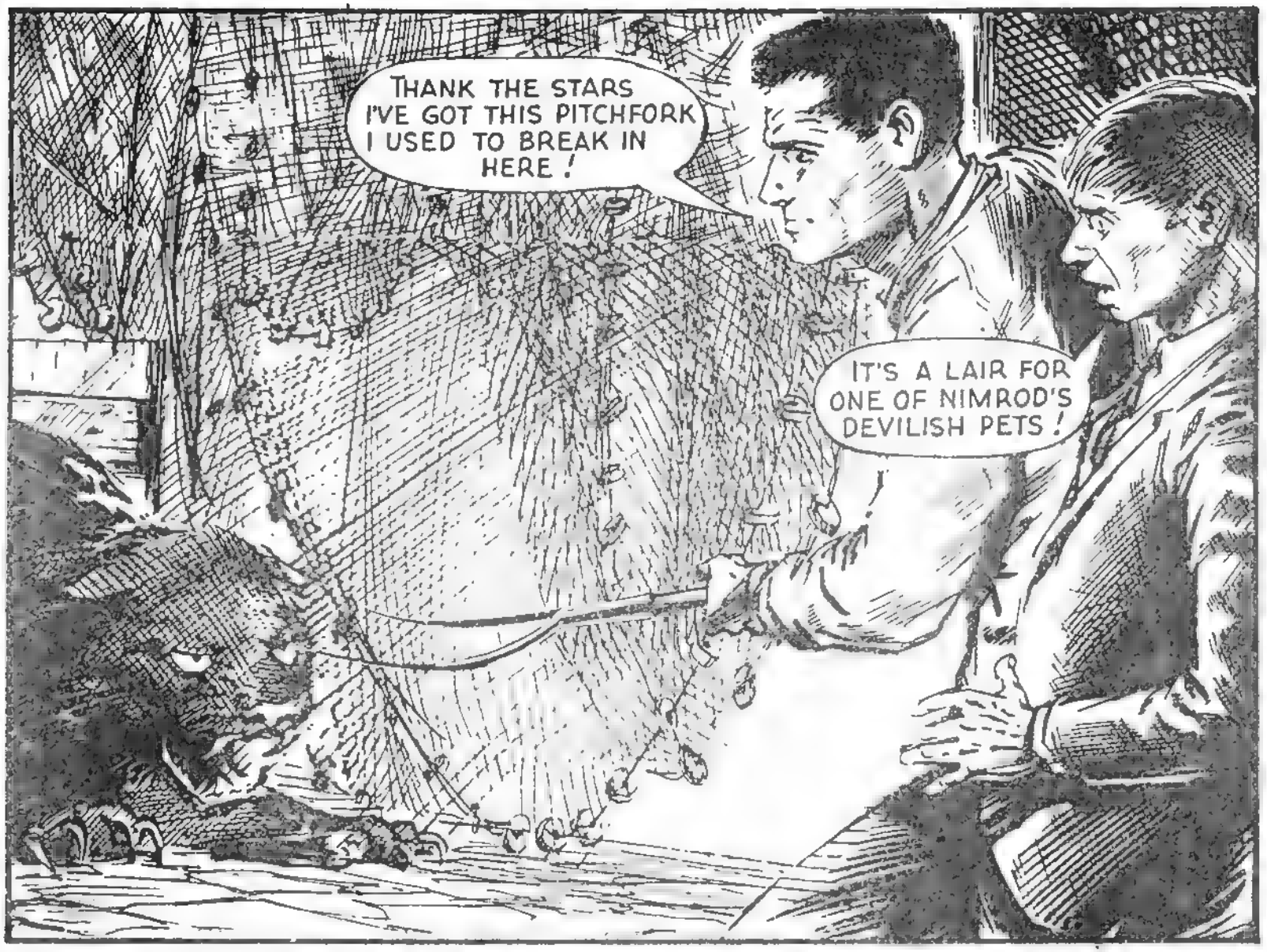
WHEN NIMROD AND HIS FOLLOWERS REACHED THE ROOM IT HAD RETURNED TO NORMAL, EXCEPT FOR THE CRUSHED WRECKAGE.
MASTER! LOOK AT THE FLOOR.
OUR VISITORS ARE MORE RESOURCEFUL THAN I GAVE THEM CREDIT FOR!

THEY HAVE LEARNED SOME OF THE SECRETS OF THIS PLACE. FOR THAT THEY MUST DIE...

THEY MUST BE CLEAR OF THE HOUSE. NOT THAT IT WILL DO THEM ANY GOOD. THEY CAN'T ESCAPE FROM THE ISLAND. GENTLEMEN, WE ARE GOING TO HAVE AN AMUSING HUNT!

WHAT'S THE NEXT MOVE, GUV'?
TO PUT AS MUCH DISTANCE AS POSSIBLE BETWEEN OURSELVES AND THIS PLACE BEFORE THEY START LOOKING FOR US.
THEY FLED SWIFTLY THROUGH THE DARK, SEEKING SHELTER FROM NIMROD AND HIS HUMAN BLOODHOUNDS.
THERE'S A FISHERMAN'S COTTAGE. IT LOOKS SOLID ENOUGH. IF WE WERE ATTACKED WE COULD HOLD OUT HERE FOR A LONG TIME!
THE DOOR'S SOLIDLY FASTENED. HOW DO WE GET IN?
I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO WITH THIS PITCHFORK.

THE BARS YIELDED TO MARK'S POWERFUL LEVERAGE.
SEEMS NICE AND QUIET, GUV'. BUT I'LL JUST RECCE TO MAKE SURE.
OH NO! LOOK OUT!


THANK THE STARS I'VE GOT THIS PITCHFORK I USED TO BREAK IN HERE!
IT'S A LAIR FOR ONE OF NIMROD'S DEVILISH PETS!

LIGHTS SUDDENLY APPEARED OUTSIDE...
NIMROD AND HIS GANG ARE HERE!

THE 'SPORTSMEN' WERE IN FULL CRY.
HUNT THEM DOWN!

INSIDE THE COTTAGE —
FOXY! THE NETS!
A FIERCE BATTLE BETWEEN PITCHFORK AND RAKING CLAWS ENDED WITH THE PANTHER BEING DRIVEN INTO THE NET.
GOT HIM! NOW WE'LL DRAG HIM OUTSIDE.

EAGLE P.L. 13

THE CAPTIVE BEAST WAS DRAGGED OUT AND LEFT IN A THICKET WHERE, SPITTING AND CLAWING, IT FOUGHT TO GET FREE.
THE VIOLENT THRESHING WAS SPOTTED BY THE HUNTERS...
OVER THERE! IT MUST BE OUR QUARRY!

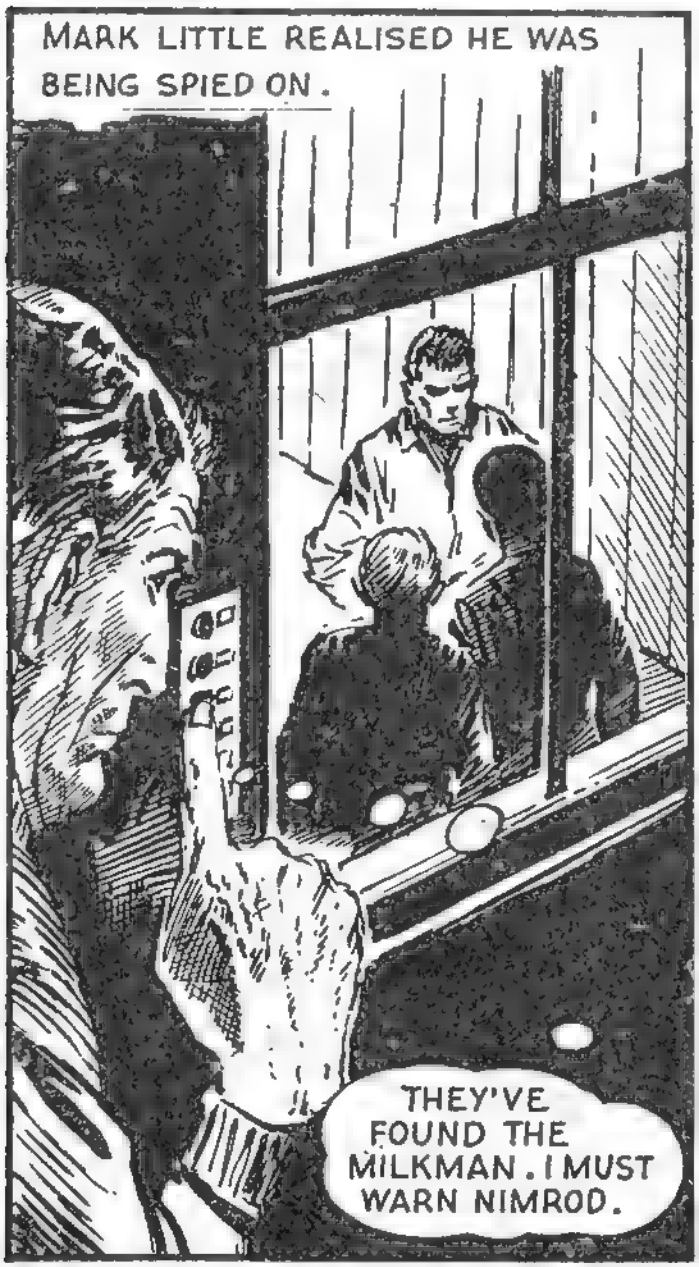
NIMROD FIRED A BURST AT THE ELUSIVE TARGET.
MISSED! THEY'VE GOT AWAY! KEEP AFTER THEM!
MARK AND FOXY LISTENED TO THE SOUNDS OF PURSUIT FADING AWAY.
NO! I WANT TO HAVE A LOOK ROUND—SEE IF I CAN DISCOVER WHAT CROOKED GAME NIMROD'S MIXED UP IN.
RIGHT! LET'S MAKE A BOLT FOR IT.
FOXY, I'VE A HUNCH THE PANTHER WAS CAGED HERE FOR A GOOD REASON. I THINK IT WAS GUARDING SOMETHING. LET'S SEE WHAT'S DOWN HERE.
WATCH IT, GUV'. REMEMBER NIMROD HAS FILLED THIS PLACE WITH NASTY SURPRISES!

THEY FOUND THEMSELVES IN AN UNDERGROUND CELL...
NIMROD'S BEEN KEEPING SOMEONE PRISONER HERE— RECENTLY, TOO. THE BED'S STILL WARM. BUT WHERE IS HE NOW ?
MARK TESTED THE MASSIVE DOOR .
LOCKED !
LET ME HAVE A GO, GUV' . I HAVEN'T MET THE LOCK YET THAT I COULDN'T OPEN.

THE EX-CONVICT'S EXPERIENCED TOUCH SOON BROUGHT RESULTS.
THERE YOU ARE. BUT DON'T LET'S BE IN TOO MUCH OF A HURRY. THERE MAY BE MORE OF NIMROD'S BLOOD-THIRSTY PETS ON THE OTHER SIDE.
THEY STEPPED THROUGH THE DOOR, INTO SOMETHING WHICH CAUGHT THEM COMPLETELY UNAWARES!
FRESH MILK DAILY
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THERE AREN'T ANY STREETS LIKE THIS ON DROONE ISLAND. IT'S AS IF WE STEPPED INTO ANOTHER WORLD!

SOMEONE WAS APPROACHING, WHISTLING CHEERFULLY AS IF HE HADN'T A CARE IN THE WORLD.
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
DON'T BE DAFT— I'M THE MILKMAN! WHY SHOULDN'T I BE HERE?

MILK DAILY
WHERE IS THIS PLACE ? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
CAN'T YOU SEE, MATE ? THIS IS SANDBEACH AND I'M DOING MY DELIVERY ROUND.
GUV, EITHER HE'S CRACKERS OR HE THINKS WE ARE.

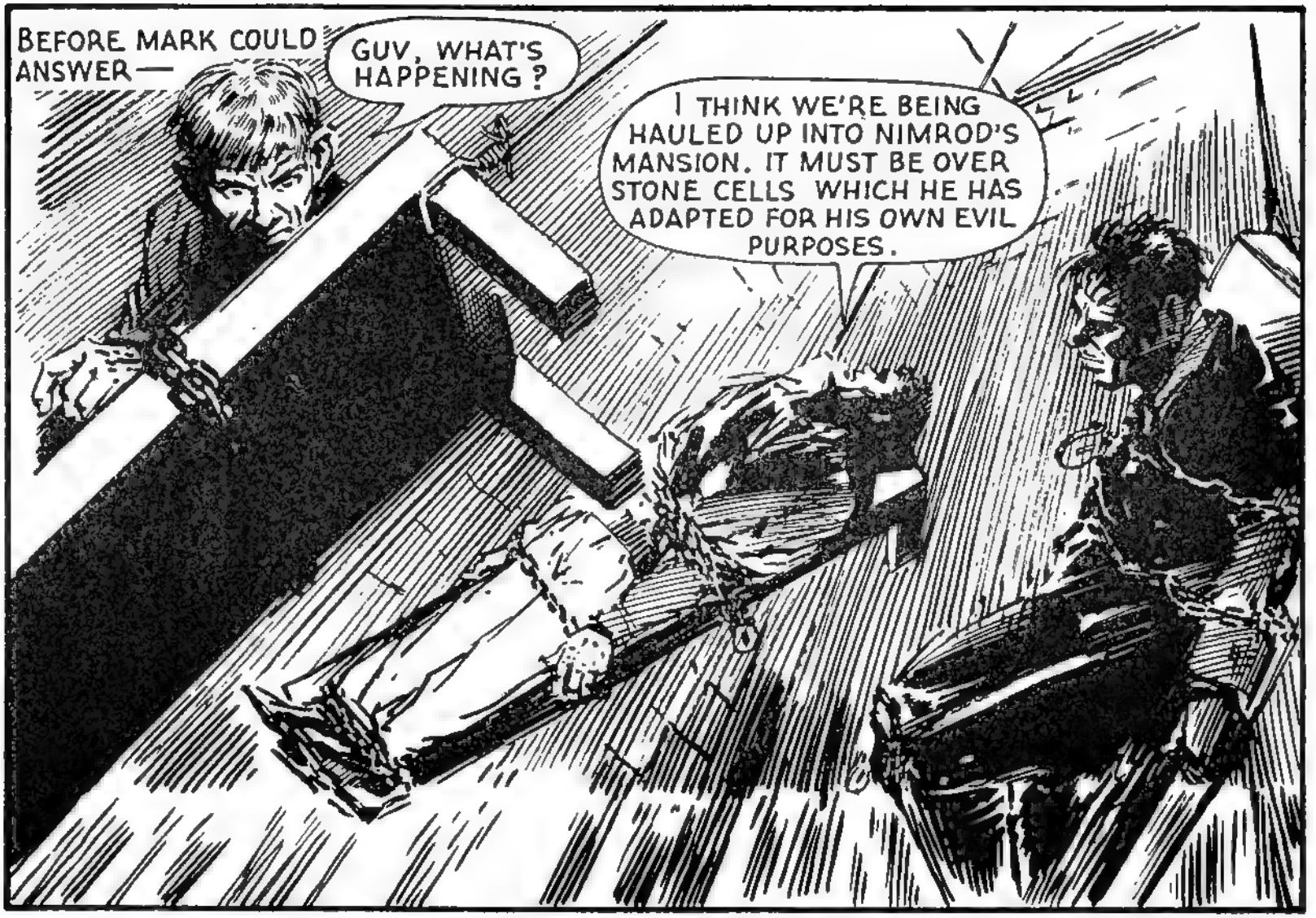

MARK LITTLE REALISED HE WAS BEING SPIED ON.
THEY'VE FOUND THE MILKMAN. I MUST WARN NIMROD.

A SIGNAL ROCKET SOARED ABOVE NIMROD'S EERIE MANSION.
CALL OFF THE HOUNDS. WE MUST TURN BACK. THERE'S TROUBLE AT THE HOUSE.

THE HIDDEN WATCHER PRESSED ANOTHER SWITCH. THE STREET WAS PLUNGED INTO ALMOST TOTAL DARKNESS.
ANOTHER POWER CUT. NOW I'LL NEVER GET MY ROUND FINISHED!
SOMEONE UP THERE'S WATCHING US. DUCK FOR COVER.
STRANGER TERRORS WERE IN STORE.
GUV! SOMETHING'S COMING OUT OF THE GROUND! IT'S HORRIBLE.
THE FACES! IT ALWAYS ENDS THE SAME WAY — WITH THE FACES!
YOU MEAN THIS HAS HAPPENED TO YOU BEFORE?

PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER. THERE'S NOTHING TO BE SCARED OF. THEY'RE JUST BALLOONS WITH PAINTED FACES.
THAT'S RIGHT. THEY'RE BURSTING ALREADY. THEY'RE HARMLESS.
GAS! THE BALLOONS ARE FILLED WITH POISONOUS GAS. MAKE AN EFFORT, FOXY. WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE.
BUT THERE WAS NO ESCAPE...
JUST BEFORE BLACK FORGETFULNESS BLOTTED OUT HIS MIND, MARK HAD A FLEETING IMPRESSION OF NIMROD, THE MASTER CROOK, STARING INTO HIS EYES IN MOCKING TRIUMPH.

MARK'S HEAD WAS THROBBING WHEN HIS MIND CLEARED. THE STRANGE STREET HAD VANISHED. HE AND HIS COMPANIONS WERE PRISONERS IN A DANK CELL.
MILKMAN, HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN HERE? WHAT HAVE THEY BEEN DOING TO YOU ?
I DON'T KNOW. SOMETIMES IT SEEMS I'VE SPENT MY WHOLE LIFE HERE. THEN I GET THESE NIGHTMARES, WHEN I THINK I'M BACK AT SANDBEACH DOING MY ROUND—
THEY AREN'T NIGHTMARES. I SUSPECT YOU'RE BEING KEPT UNDER DRUGS TO MAKE YOU RE-ENACT YOUR MILK ROUND OVER AND OVER AGAIN.
BUT GUV, WHY SHOULD NIMROD BE SO INTERESTED IN A MILKMAN? WHAT'S THE CONNECTION BETWEEN DROONE ISLAND AND SANDBEACH?


BEFORE MARK COULD ANSWER—
GUV, WHAT'S HAPPENING?
I THINK WE'RE BEING HAULED UP INTO NIMROD'S MANSION. IT MUST BE OVER STONE CELLS WHICH HE HAS ADAPTED FOR HIS OWN EVIL PURPOSES.

MARK SOON CAME FACE TO FACE WITH NIMROD...
HUNTER, WHILE YOU WERE DRUGGED, YOU GAVE AWAY THE SECRET OF WHO YOU ARE AND WHY YOU CAME. FORTUNATELY MY WORK HERE IS FINISHED. THERE IS A FAST MOTOR LAUNCH HIDDEN IN A CAVE AND WE'LL BE GONE IN A FEW MINUTES— BUT YOU WILL NEVER LEAVE HERE ALIVE.

NIMROD LEFT, LEAVING HUNTER AND HIS COMPANIONS TO THEIR FATE.
WHAT'S NIMROD'S GAME, GUV?
I'M SURE WE'LL FIND THE ANSWER IN SANDBEACH, WHERE OUR MILKMAN COMES FROM, IF WE CAN EVER GET THERE.
WE'LL NEVER ESCAPE. WE'RE THE VICTIMS OF A RAVING MADMAN.

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, IN FAR OFF LONDON, MARK'S SECRET SERVICE CHIEF HAD COME TO A DECISION.
THERE'S BEEN NO WORD FROM HUNTER FOR OVER TWENTY-FOUR HOURS. HE MUST HAVE LANDED IN EVEN WORSE TROUBLE THAN WE BARGAINED FOR. ARRANGE TO BRING HIM OUT.

IN THE EERIE MANY-DOORED ROOM ON DROONE ISLAND FOXY WAS SUDDENLY FREE.
OKAY, GUV. I'LL SOON HAVE YOU LOOSE.
FOXY'S AN EXPERT AT PICKING LOCKS AND GETTING FREE OF HANDCUFFS. THAT'S THE ADVANTAGE OF WORKING WITH AN EX-CROOK.
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
WAIT! NIMROD WOULDN'T HAVE MADE IT THAT EASY!

THE WARNING CAME TOO LATE. AS THE FRIGHTENED MAN PLUNGED THROUGH ONE OF THE DOORS THE FLOOR OPENED UNDER HIS FEET.
AAAAAGH!
HE'S GONE, GUV. DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE.
NIMROD LEFT, SO THERE MUST BE AT LEAST ONE SAFE WAY OUT, BUT HOW DO WE KNOW WHICH DOOR TO CHOOSE?

MARK OPENED ANOTHER DOOR AND LEAPT BACK IN TERROR.
ANOTHER OF NIMROD'S FIENDISH JOKES. THOSE BLADES WOULD CHOP A MAN TO MINCEMEAT!
DEATH BEHIND EVERY DOOR BUT ONE! NIMROD PROMISED US WE'D NEVER GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE!
PHEW! A MACHINE-GUN BEHIND THIS DOOR! OUR LUCK CAN'T HOLD, GUV— SOONER OR LATER ONE IS BOUND TO GET US.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING NOW, GUV?
ONE OF THESE DOORS IS SAFE — NIMROD USED IT TO GET OUT OF HERE. IT COULD BE THIS ONE — THERE'S NO DUST ON THE HANDLE...

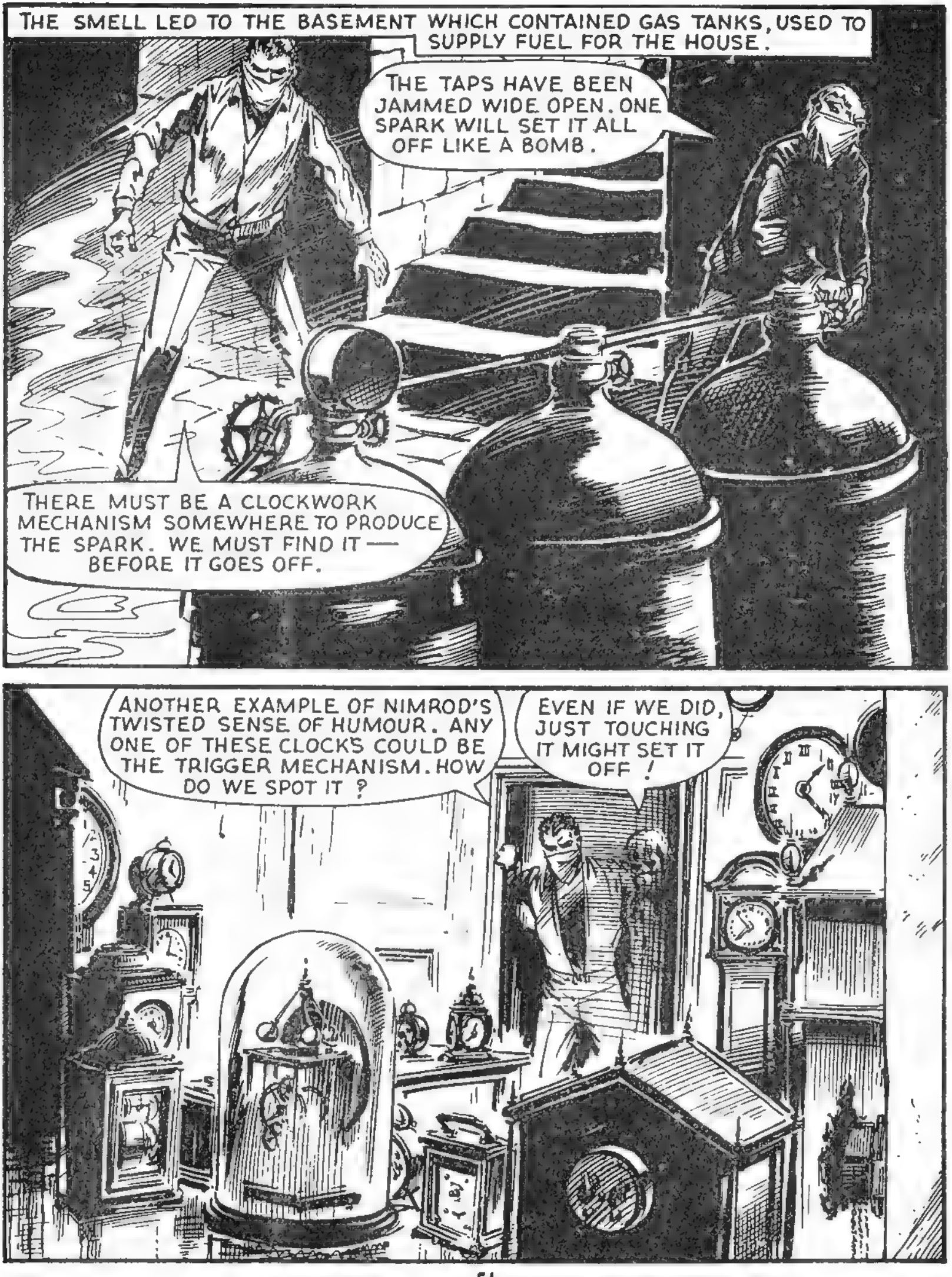
WATCH YOUR STEP. WE MAY NOT HAVE SEEN THE LAST OF NIMROD'S MURDEROUS LITTLE JOKES.

HELLO — NIMROD LEFT A TAPE RECORDER BEHIND. IT MIGHT GIVE US A CLUE.

IF YOU HAVE MANAGED TO GET THIS FAR, HUNTER, I CONGRATULATE YOU. BUT YOUR INGENUITY WILL DO YOU NO GOOD. IN HALF AN HOUR THE HOUSE WILL BLOW UP. IF YOU TRY TO LEAVE, YOU WILL MERELY SPEED YOUR DEATH!

BUT SUDDENLY—
GUV! A HELICOPTER'S ARRIVED! THE CHIEF MUST HAVE SENT A RESCUE PARTY.
BUT NIMROD'S MADE SURE THAT IF ANYONE TRIES TO GET IN OR OUT WE'LL ALL BE BLOWN TO PIECES!
WE'VE GOT TO WARN THEM!
FOXY! DON'T OPEN THAT WINDOW! NIMROD MAY HAVE BOOBY-TRAPPED IT. I'LL TRY SIGNALLING WITH THIS MIRROR.

IT'S HUNTER! HE'S WARNING US TO KEEP OUT.
THEY UNDERSTOOD YOUR MESSAGE, GUV!
BUT THAT STILL LEAVES US TRAPPED IN HERE WHEN THE BIG BANG COMES — AND I SMELL GAS! IT SEEMS TO BE DRIFTING UP FROM BELOW. LET'S INVESTIGATE.


THE SMELL LED TO THE BASEMENT WHICH CONTAINED GAS TANKS, USED TO SUPPLY FUEL FOR THE HOUSE.
THE TAPS HAVE BEEN JAMMED WIDE OPEN. ONE SPARK WILL SET IT ALL OFF LIKE A BOMB.
THERE MUST BE A CLOCKWORK MECHANISM SOMEWHERE TO PRODUCE THE SPARK. WE MUST FIND IT — BEFORE IT GOES OFF.
ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF NIMROD'S TWISTED SENSE OF HUMOUR. ANY ONE OF THESE CLOCKS COULD BE THE TRIGGER MECHANISM. HOW DO WE SPOT IT ?
EVEN IF WE DID, JUST TOUCHING IT MIGHT SET IT OFF !

WE CAN'T USE THE DOORS OR WINDOWS, BUT LET'S HOPE NIMROD OVERLOOKED THE ROOF. COME ON!

MARK'S HUNCH PROVED RIGHT. HE SMASHED A HOLE IN THE SLATES—
HUNTER'S BROKEN THROUGH THE ROOF! WE CAN LIFT HIM OFF FROM THERE WITH THE 'COPTER.

NO SOONER WERE MARK AND FOXY ABOARD THE HELICOPTER, WHEN...
PHEW! THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!
WHAT NOW, GUV ?
FIRST TO HEADQUARTERS TO MAKE OUR REPORT TO THE SECRET SERVICE CHIEF. THEN DOWN TO SANDBEACH TO FIND OUT WHY NIMROD KIDNAPPED A MILKMAN !

LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE MANAGER OF SANDBEACH DAIRIES.
YES, MISTER HUNTER, FRED ROBBINS IS ONE OF OUR ROUNDSMEN. HE'S BEEN ON HOLIDAY—DUE TO COME BACK ON THE LATE SHIFT TODAY.
I'D LIKE HIS HOME ADDRESS, PLEASE.

LEARNING THE ADDRESS, MARK AND FOXY KEPT WATCH ON THE HOUSE UNTIL—
GUV, LOOK! IF I DIDN'T KNOW ROBBINS WAS DEAD I'D SWEAR THAT WAS HIM.
I'M AS BAFFLED AS YOU ARE. BUT IT'S OUR JOB TO FIND THE ANSWER! WE'LL FOLLOW HIM IN.

MENAGERIE
HE MUST BE ONE OF NIMROD'S MEN, WHO SECRETLY WATCHED AND STUDIED ROBBINS AND LEARNED TO IMPERSONATE HIM.
GUV, WHY SHOULD NIMROD WANT SOMEONE TO IMPERSONATE A MILK ROUNDSMAN ?
COME ON, FOXY. WE MUSTN'T LOSE HIM NOW.
MARK DARTED NOISELESSLY IN PURSUIT AND THEN —
AAARGH !

WE'RE IN A MIRROR MAZE. THESE ARE DISTORTED REFLECTIONS OF OURSELVES!
NOT THAT ONE, GUV. HOW DID *HE* GET IN HERE?
IT'S THAT CROOK NIMROD HIMSELF!

THE PHONEY MILKMAN MUST HAVE LEFT THAT DOOR OPEN. NIMROD IS JUST OUTSIDE AND WAS REFLECTED IN THE MIRROR THROUGH THE OPEN DOORWAY.
MARK MOVED CAUTIOUSLY TO THE OPEN DOOR AND STARED AT THE SCENE BEYOND...
IT'S THE FAIRGROUND MENAGERIE. NIMROD AND HIS GANG ARE OPERATING IT TO DISGUISE THE REAL REASON WHY THEY ARE IN SANDBEACH — AND WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT REASON IS.
IT'S A PITY WE AREN'T NEAR ENOUGH TO HEAR WHAT THEY'RE SAYING, GUV.
DON'T FORGET I CAN LIP READ! I'M GETTING SOME MIGHTY INTERESTING STUFF.

THAT EVENING, AT THE BIOLOGICAL LABORATORIES OF THE MINISTRY OF RESEARCH...
HELLO, FRED, DID YOU HAVE A GOOD HOLIDAY ? OUR MIDNIGHT CUPPA HASN'T TASTED THE SAME WITHOUT THE PINT OF MILK YOU ALWAYS BRING US!
MINISTRY OF
BIOLOGICAL
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ALL VISITORS REQ

SHORTLY AFTER MIDNIGHT NIMROD CLIMBED TO THE TOP OF THE HELTER-SKELTER TOWER... HE GAVE A SATISFIED GRUNT AT WHAT HE SAW.

THE KNOCKOUT DRUG IN THE MILK WILL KEEP THOSE IDIOTS AT THE LABORATORIES QUIET FOR A LONG TIME!

HE FLASHED A SIGNAL TO HIS WAITING MEN.
THIS HAS TAKEN MONTHS OF PLANNING. NOTHING CAN STOP US NOW. IN AN HOUR WE'LL BE IN A POSITION TO HOLD THE WHOLE WORLD TO RANSOM.
THERE'S NIMROD'S SIGNAL! SLING THE ROPE ACROSS THE ELECTRIFIED FENCE.
THE RAIDERS SWARMED ACROSS TO A LABORATORY ROOF.
CAREFUL! DO YOU HAVE TO MAKE SO MUCH NOISE?
IT DOESN'T MATTER! THE GUARDS WON'T BOTHER US. THEY'RE ALL UNCONSCIOUS!

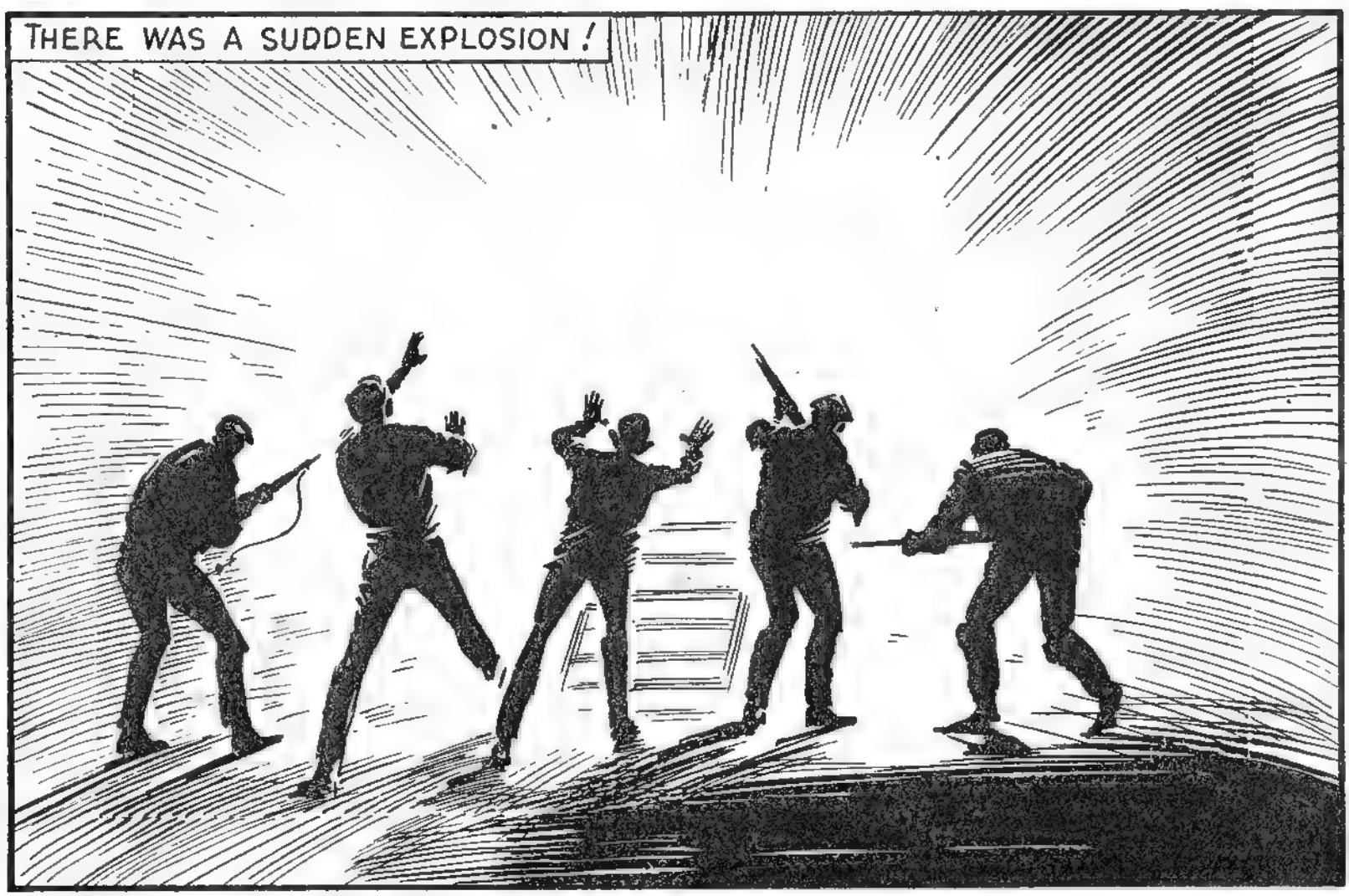
WHAT'S ALL THIS CRAZY GEAR ?
NEVER MIND. ACCORDING TO NIMROD'S DIAGRAM, WHAT WE'RE AFTER IS THAT WAY.
THEY'VE GOT ENOUGH DEADLY STUFF STORED IN HERE TO WIPE OUT WHOLE NATIONS. THEY'LL PAY MILLIONS TO GET IT BACK. CAN YOU OPEN IT WITHOUT DAMAGING WHAT'S INSIDE ?
SECRET
SURE. BUT I'M ABOUT THE ONLY MAN IN THE WORLD WHO COULD !

BUT WHEN THE MASSIVE DOOR WAS OPENED.
MARK HUNTER!
RUN FOR IT!

THE GUARDS! WE'RE TRAPPED! BUT THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO BE DOPED!
TOO BAD! MARK HUNTER TIPPED US OFF ABOUT THE DRUGGED MILK.

WE DIDN'T GET NIMROD IN THE BAG. BUT IF HE'S STILL AT THE FAIRGROUND HE CAN'T GET AWAY. THE PLACE IS SURROUNDED.
AT THE FAIRGROUND MARK'S MEN CLOSED IN...
THERE'S NIMROD!
FIRE PYRO EATER

NIMROD VANISHED INSIDE THE FIRE-EATER'S BOOTH AND...
YOU BEAT ME THIS TIME, HUNTER. BUT YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME —


THERE WAS A SUDDEN EXPLOSION!

WHEN MARK REPORTED TO HIS SECRET SERVICE CHIEF...
IF NIMROD'S GANG HAD GOT THEIR HANDS ON THOSE LABORATORY SPECIMENS IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A NATIONAL DISASTER. YOU DID A GREAT JOB, MARK.
NIMROD MAY BE DEAD, BUT HIS BOSS, DOCTOR MALICE, IS STILL AT LARGE. I'VE A FEELING THAT ONE DAY WE'LL HEAR FROM HIM AGAIN!
The End

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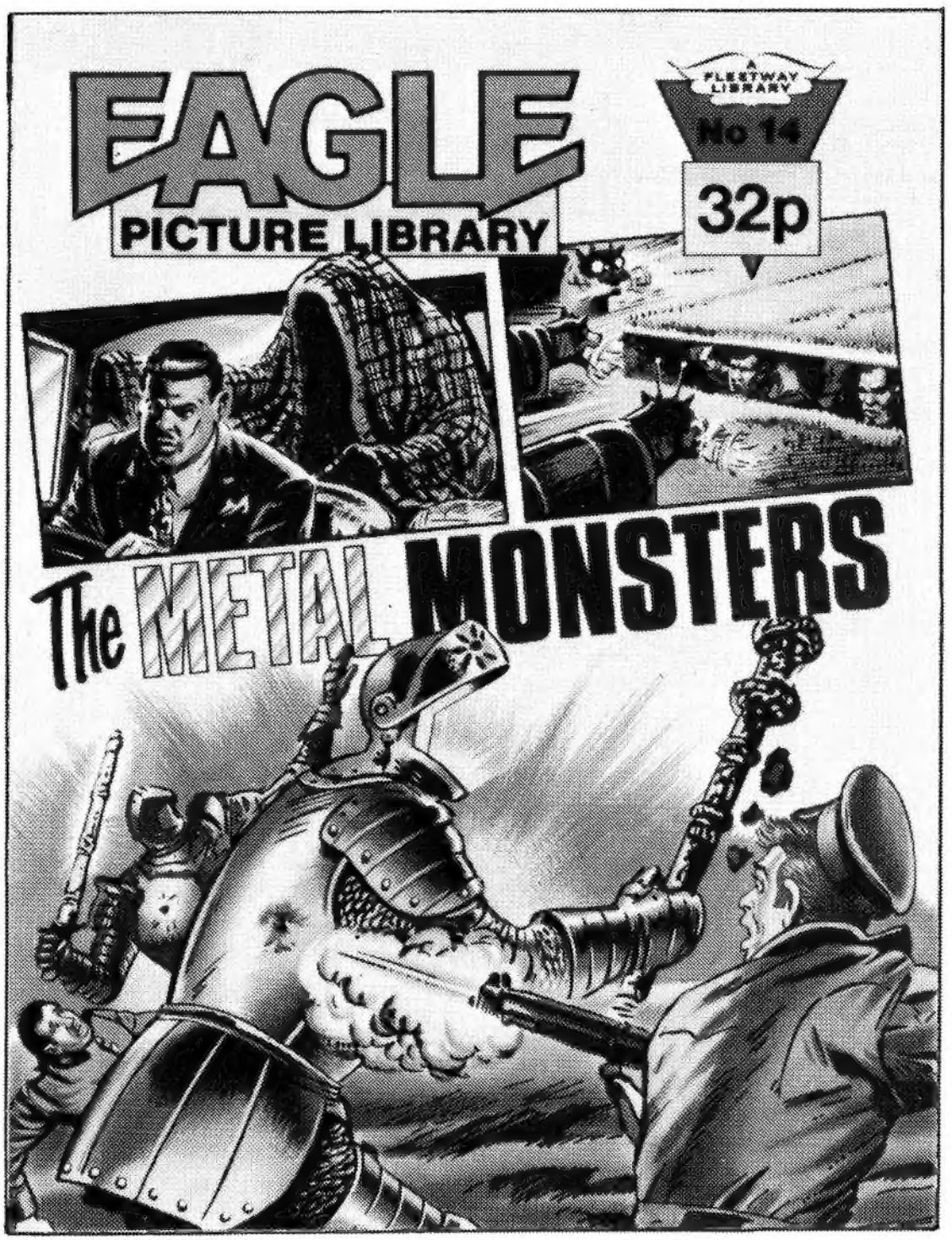

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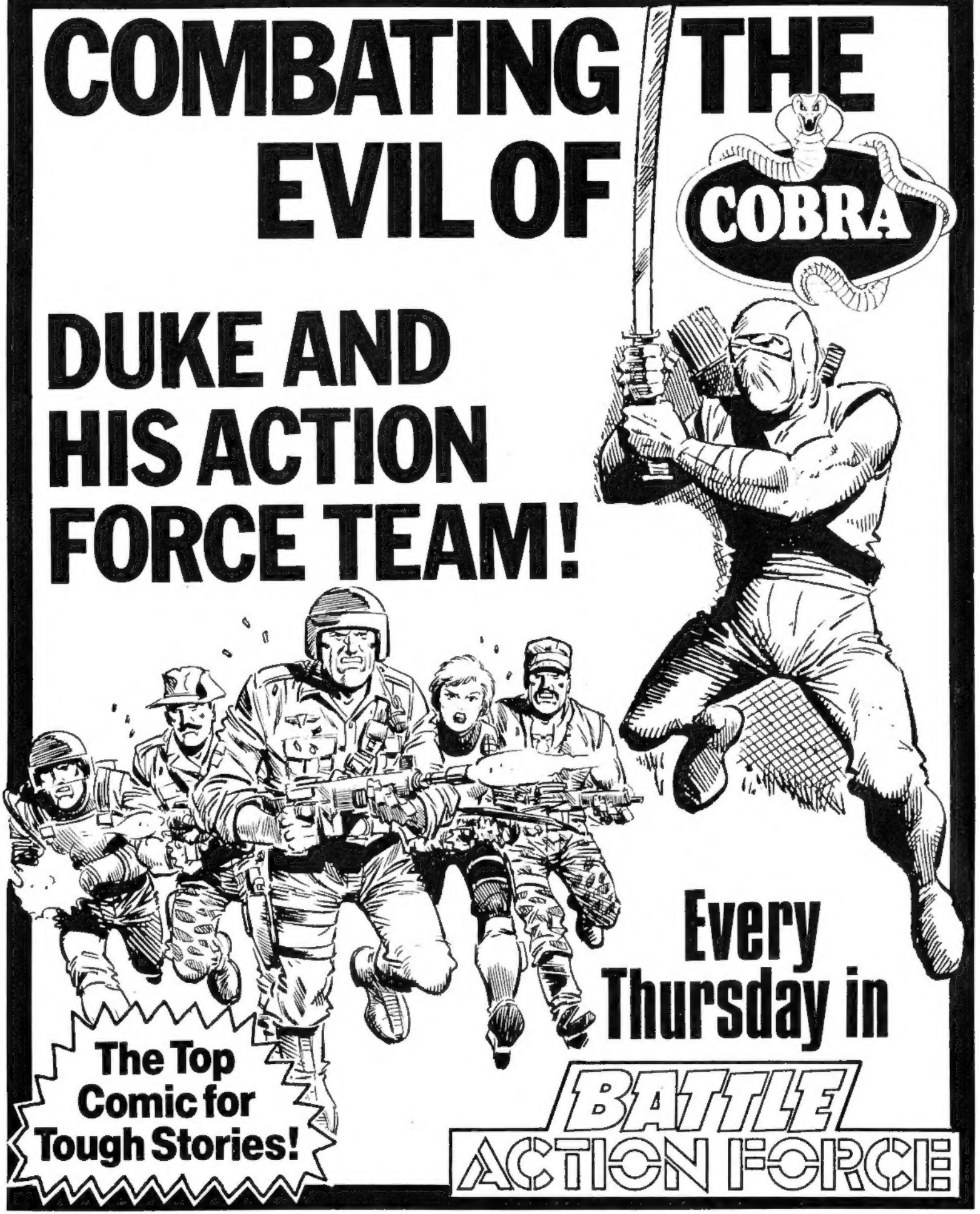

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